

FOR YOUR LOVE (i'll do whatever you want)

vittoriaaisfuckingpathetic

Star Wars Prequel Trilogy / Star Wars - All Media Types Complete



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Summary

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Description:

so baby, why don't you please me now?
so baby, why don't you please me now?
i've got so much i can give to you
yeah, i've got so much i can give to you
for your love, i'll do whatever you want

He gave her that devilish smirk of his. The one that had gotten her into this mess in the first place. "I'll give you what you want."

OR, A rare moment of intimacy happens for Padmé and Anakin — whose relationship is strictly carnal.

1. I

Padmé didn't know his name, but she *knew* him. She knew *who* he was — he was the enforcer for the Galactic Empire. Palpatine's right-hand man, the one who did all of the dirty work. He was dangerous — deadly grace with the government's support behind him. He possessed abilities that few had heard of and even fewer possessed. He was feared across worlds. In many ways, he was an unstoppable force. He could have the entire galaxy at his fingertips if he so wanted.

Sometimes, that made Padmé wonder why he kept returning to her. She was — in comparison, little more than a liaison. She was on the senate's committee for her planet, not even a senator in her own right (yet). She had little to offer him on the political scene.

But it wasn't about politics. It had never been.

Their meetings were in secret; either in seedy hotels or, occasionally, her apartment. She knew very little about him besides the parts of himself he chose to share. He was a mystery to many, and she was included in that demographic.

And yet, she knew him *intimately* in a way she guessed few others did — she knew him as a lover.

Still, every time he picked her up with total ease, it reminded Padmé of the power he possessed — deadly skill and inhuman powers in an unholy marriage.

But she knew he wouldn't ever cause her any harm. She wasn't scared.

It was different this visit. This time, she was at his home for the first time. The dynamic felt different, too. It wasn't her flat or a random hotel, it was *his* flat.

The furnishings were nice; clearly expensive, but his home felt like it had a lack of humanity to it. There were sparse decorations — if any.

Really, though, as his hands roamed down Padmé's body, she found herself caring less about the somewhat drab atmosphere and instead focusing on how good it felt to be touched again. He was a magnificent drug and she was the hapless addict, always coming back for more.

His hands were insistent, one roving up her dress and the other toying with the buttons as his tongue entered her mouth. She was squarely pinned between his solid form and the black wall behind her.

Their lips finally parted, and it took a moment for the dazzling fog to clear from her brain.

"It's been too long," he growled, burying his face in her neck. His teeth briefly grazed her skin before he continued, a softer quality to his voice that she absolutely melted for. "I missed you. I need you."

It was a brief moment of verbal vulnerability, but she didn't have much time to dwell on it. "Need you too," Padmé answered, her voice taking on an embarrassingly high note when he bit down on her neck yet again. He knew all of her weak spots; he knew how to play her like a fiddle.

Seemingly irritated with the buttons, he took a step back. "Off." he gestured to her dress.

The simple gesture was enough to show his control over the situation — and in the moment, her as well.

It took her no time to comply, tossing the dress off without a second thought. Her bra was discarded in a matter of seconds.

She had barely gotten out of her underwear by the time he was back to pinning her against the wall at lightning-fast speed, lips on hers yet again.

She grabbed at the top of his head, wanting to feel his soft hair against her fingers.

His eyes were dark as he observed her, waiting for the right moment to touch her where she ached the most. His hands ran over her body, caressing her skin, teasing her nipples. Her entire being felt ablaze.

One of his hands trailed even lower, just above the thatch of curls surrounding her pubic area.

"I know you like it like this," he murmured, pushing his fingers down to her core.

"Oh..." anything else she might've said died on her tongue as his fingers circled her clit. It was just enough to make her squirm, making her bite her lip.

He observed her quietly, seeming to enjoy the way he made her feel. Something flashed behind his eyes — something so *possessive* , so *heated* .

He said nothing as he moved his fingers lower to her dripping entrance.

The sensations were exquisite; he slid his fingers inside her so slowly that she could have sworn it was an eternity before she was feeling anything at all. His strokes were slow and deliberate; he went just slow enough to keep her on edge. He pushed further and further inside her each time.

"I love this," he purred, his mouth hovering over hers. "It doesn't take much before you're coming on my fingers. Isn't that right?"

He kissed her then, and his fingers stayed inside her as he did so.

His mechanical hand moved up her body until his fingers rested on her breast. He played with her hard nipple, muffling her moans with his lips against hers. He drank in every desperate sound she made.

Finally, their lips parted, and he positioned his head to be right by her ear. She could feel the warmth of his breath as he spoke. "*I said* , isn't that right?" he asked yet again. There was a pinch to her nipple as he did so.

The brief flash of pain was enough to make her clench around his fingers. "Yes ," she practically sobbed.

“Good,” he breathed, pinching her nipple yet again, continuing his ministrations with his other hand. She was achingly aroused at this point and her hips moved naturally, trying to meet the rhythm of his fingers. “Is this how you want to cum? On my fingers?” His movements were familiar, like second nature to him. He knew where to touch her to get her off, and when to touch her to delay it.

She was practically whimpering. The speed built as he stroked his fingers inside her. She nodded desperately. “Yes.”

“Really? Because I was going to have you cum on my cock. But I suppose you’ve made your choice...”

“No, *wait*,” She responded breathlessly. She gripped at his arm, trying to slow the pumping of his fingers. Padmé finally met his eyes. She was somehow both aroused and annoyed by the amused glint in his eye.

He finally stopped moving after a few moments, but he didn’t remove his fingers. His eyebrow was quirked, like he found the entire thing so pathetically entertaining. “Go on, angel. Tell me what you want.”

God, how could he have this effect on her? She’d never be caught dead *begging* for something like this.

But with him, it was different. All of her inhibitions with him had been long gone.

“I want to cum on your cock.” she panted.

He gave her that devilish smirk of his. The one that had gotten her into this mess in the first place. “I’ll give you what you want.”

She wanted him to be inside her; she ached for it.

His fingers slipped out of her. They were shiny from her wetness. He made direct eye contact with her as he licked them clean; the sight of him fellating his own fingers was enough to make her want to faint.

He stepped back, giving her a generous view of his toned body. She looked unabashedly, wanting to commit this image to her memory.

His hands went to the waistband of his pants, and slowly, he pulled them down.

Padmé felt a shiver race down her spine as his cock sprung free from his loose-fitting pants.

Her stomach tightened with anticipation. She was so close.

Her heart pounded loudly in her ears.

He gazed deep into her eyes. He was hard and ready at her entrance. “Ready?” he whispered.

A single nod. Padmé wrapped her legs tightly around his torso. She grasped his shoulders in desperation. “I need you. Now. Please...”

He complied, pressing the head of his cock against her dripping entrance. With an inward breath, she felt him push in, inch by agonizing inch. He'd barely entered her, and yet her whole body had clenched in anticipation of him filling her all the way.

His cock stretched her opening, stretching her walls in a way that made her dizzy and breathless. He pressed his hips forward, pressing deeper still.

Her legs quivered beneath him.

He withdrew completely, thrusting back in once, twice, thrice. Each time he drove her higher and higher, his movements became a little harder and a little rougher — his hands gripping her hips.

Padmé moaned, and his pace sped up. He seemed to find great pleasure in making her writhe beneath him. Her breathing became ragged and uneven. Her muscles were trembling, and his hands on her hips were the only thing keeping her grounded.

He kept his pace steady and his grip tight, his face contorting in pleasure as she moaned and writhed in his hold.

Suddenly, his tempo increased. He pumped faster, harder. Padmé cried out loud, grabbing onto him to ground herself more.

It was almost unbearable. Every movement sent electricity coursing through her veins, and she couldn't help but cry out in pleasure whenever he hit that spot.

"I'm going to..."

"Yeah? You gonna cum all over my cock?" His voice sounded rough and raw.

Padmé nodded feverishly. "Please," she begged, her eyes squeezing shut. Truly, she didn't even know what she was begging for.

It didn't really matter. She was losing herself to the waves of pleasure he was giving her.

He leaned closer, whispering sinful words that were meant for her ears only. His hips started rocking faster than before.

She couldn't hold it back any longer. Her whole body tensed. And there it happened; she came undone. A yell burst from her lips as she saw stars burst behind her eyelids.

He held on to her, his mouth finding hers again as her body shook violently underneath him.

"Fucking— that's it. Cum on my cock... *fuck.*" he moaned. He wasn't thrusting so much as grinding, unwilling to spend even a moment not inside of her.

He buried himself as far into her as possible. With her legs wrapped around his waist, he filled her completely. He shuddered, lips mouthing at her neck desperately. With one final, deep groan, he emptied himself inside of her.

He said nothing as he ran a cool cloth in between her legs. There was a look of quiet focus on his face as he completed this task with a gentleness that was previously unseen just

moments ago.

Before she knew it, her eyes were slipping shut.

When Padmé woke sometime later, she was alone in his bed. The room was totally dark.

She wondered briefly if he'd left — he'd done so before. Oftentimes, she'd wake up alone.

When she scanned the room again, she found her answer. A sliver of light emanated from the doorway (the bathroom, she guessed) to the left.

Figuring she'd find him if she followed it, she got out of bed, her tired muscles protesting in response.

Sure enough, she found him. He was in the bathtub.

His head was tilted backward, eyes shut.

"Come here," he said without opening his eyes. He beckoned her close, gesturing his fingers in a come-hither motion. His bionic hand was ungloved, shining in the golden-orange glow of the room.

Padmé was already nude, so it took only a moment to join him in the tub. She settled onto his lap, feeling his strong arm wrap around her middle almost immediately.

"Why do you keep coming back to me?" He asked.

"You invited me to come in with you," she pointed out. She knew that it likely wasn't the root of his question.

He huffed. "That's not what I meant. I meant, why do you keep this up with me? I don't have anything to offer you but my body."

He was right about that. Their relationship was very little besides the physical aspect, but she was fine with that. She wanted him carnally. "Because I want to be with you." She said simply.

He was silent as he digested this. Then, he exhaled, relaxing under her. It seemed her answer satisfied him.

There was a long moment of quiet as he simply held her. His prosthetic hand joined the flesh one on her body, resting lazily on her thigh.

Padmé sighed, feeling relaxed enough that she could sleep. The hot water and the gentle feeling of his lips pressing soft kisses onto her neck was enough to soothe her.

He accidentally brushed his hand against one of the forming bruises on her hip, causing her to wince. "I hope it wasn't too much," he uttered.

She shrugged her shoulders. "It doesn't matter. I enjoyed it." She wondered if there was something intrinsically wrong with her psychology. Was it wrong to enjoy a bit of pain? She didn't know, and she didn't plan on asking anyone about it, either.

All she knew was that she loved it. She kept coming back for more every time.

Feeling it was pertinent for a subject change (if there was one thing she'd learned as a politician, it was how to deflect attention off of herself), she observed, "You still won't tell me your name,"

"I don't have one anymore. Not really." he replied cryptically.

His dodgy answer did little to satiate her burning curiosity. "Everyone has a name."

"Maybe." he replied flatly, leaving no room for discussion. She could have pushed the issue more, but then it would have ruined the relative calmness of the afterglow.

Padmé eased herself out of his grip, twisting in his lap to face him. The water in the tub rippled, threatening to spill over the edges. Her eyes met his. His gaze was sharp, calculating. Like he was expecting her to argue back, like he was trying to anticipate her next move.

Technically, he could read Padmé's mind at any time he wanted, but he'd promised her that he would never do so.

Nevertheless, she chose to tuck a hair behind his ear wordlessly. It was damp from the steam and his sweat, curling just slightly in its wetter state.

This was a rare moment of soft vulnerability between them. The sex was different; there were no emotions besides pure carnal lust.

He brought his hand — the flesh one — to rest at the small of her back. His fingers splayed against the skin, letting her feel the calluses of his fingers against her flesh.

Padmé sighed contently and leaned forward, resting her forehead against his. She could spend forever dwelling in this moment of quiet.

He cupped her cheek, urging her to pull back. Their eyes met, ones of blue meeting brown.

His eyes bore the weight of a difficult life; he always had such sad eyes. The only times she saw the sadness clear was in moments of passion.

Steam curled in the air like smoke. "Padmé, I..." he said softly.

Padmé hummed. "Tell me," she whispered.

He exhaled. Shook his head as if to clear his thoughts. "...I was just going to say, I think we should take this back to the bedroom."

She knew that wasn't what he was about to say. "Okay," she whispered.

His mood was more... *reverential* now. He laid her on the center of the bed, settling himself between her legs.

The energy in the room was charged, but in a different way than it usually was.

Whatever this change was, Padmé didn't have much time to dwell on it before he was hooking her thigh over his shoulder.

He maintained eye contact as he placed soft kisses on her thigh, unhurried. He was in no rush at all, drawing upwards minutely. Meanwhile, his mechanical hand roamed up and down

her leg delicately, equally unhurried as lips.

She huffed impatiently, prompting him to nip at her thigh in response. That calm, cool control had returned as he metaphorically paralyzed her with just one look.

He projected his voice into her head this time (something he seldom did), unwilling to stop kissing her to verbally communicate. *“Let me take my time with you. I didn’t get to do that earlier.”*

All she had to do was nod (after all, who would she be to disagree when he was practically *worshipping* her), knowing he was watching her closely.

It was near tortuous having him so close to where she needed him most, but at the same time, she was loving every moment of it. If not for her burning arousal, she might have been inclined to fall asleep then and there. His gentle treatment was calming.

As if he read her mind (or more likely, felt her projecting her emotions), he upped the ante.

A groan tore from her throat as his thumb brushed against her clit. His fingertip was soon replaced by his lips. Something hot unfurled in her abdomen at the first heady touch of his lips.

“Oh— oh,”

The sweet sensation of it alone almost sent her over the edge.

Her hands found his hair, tangling themselves in his thick strands while she arched into his touch. She cried out quietly, unable to contain the pleasure rising in her as he made short work of her already exhausted nerves. It took no effort at all to make her come, sending her writhing underneath him.

He broke away then, staring at her with an expression that was both tender and fierce simultaneously.

She urged him toward her, her hands wrapping tightly around his muscular arms. They kissed deeply, tongues entwined.

When their lips parted, she raked her fingers through his blonde tresses. “Will you tell me your name?” She had asked it before, but it felt different now.

He grasped her hand gently, hers feeling very small in his palm. He brought them up to his lips. Then, he kissed the back of her hand softly.

“Anakin. My name is Anakin.”

2. II (EPILOGUE)

Weeks had passed since Anakin had told Padmé his name. She hadn't seen him since that fateful day. He hadn't contacted her either, presumably off on one of his mysterious galaxy-conquesting missions.

She had very little idea what exactly it was that he did, but she knew that if she was aware of the grizzly details, she wouldn't approve.

Instead, she preferred to keep herself blatantly ignorant. It was absolutely a conflict of interest, especially considering her planet and her people largely opposed most of Palpatine's decisions (and by extension, Anakin's actions).

It was *selfish*, she would likely be viewed as morally bankrupt for such a torrid affair.

And yet, she couldn't get enough of him. Her thoughts were plagued with *Anakin, Anakin, Anakin* every day. She daydreamed about him and he frequently starred in her dreams at night.

He was in her bloodstream.

When she finally saw Anakin again, it was at a gala hosted by the Queen of Naboo of all places.

He stood by Chancellor Palpatine's side (whom sat atop his throne the entire time), likely there to look intimidating and not much else. It was no different than having a security guard (which Palpatine also had standing nearby).

People knew not to talk to Anakin — nobody wanted to risk offending the chancellor.

Talking to Anakin wasn't necessarily against the rules, but he was intimidating. Not to mention, he wasn't a politician; there was no reason to shmooze or rub elbows with him.

Of course, that meant Padmé wasn't going to talk to him, either.

There was no reason to draw unneeded attention to herself.

As the night went on and the party began to dwindle, the chancellor left. With him, at least half of the people exited soon after, clearly only there in an effort to impress him.

Anakin was nowhere to be found — she presumed he had left along with the chancellor.

This theory was soon proven wrong when Anakin had grabbed her in a corridor leading to the refresher. He urgently lead her into a dark, unused coat room.

"What are you doing here?"

She arched an eyebrow. How had he not expected her to be at a gala her own queen was throwing? "I was invited, same as you."

“I wasn’t—... you know, it doesn’t matter,”

Padmé wanted to question further, but all rational train of thought fizzled away as his lips pressed against hers, urgent and all-encompassing. The hands that were once wrapped tightly around her waist now traveled further upwards. The kiss deepened, his tongue probing her mouth insistently. There was nothing tentative or hesitant about Anakin’s actions. Everything he did, he did with complete confidence and purpose.

He pulled away for just a brief moment to speak. “Come to my room later tonight.” It wasn’t a request, but it also seemingly wasn’t a command.

Padmé’s eyes opened slowly, allowing her to finally regain some semblance of composure.

“Sure,” she responded weakly.

“I’ll send a clone to escort you when you’re ready,”

With one last lingering kiss, Anakin left, disappearing into the night.

Padmé let out a sigh, leaning her head back against the wall.

She wondered if Anakin knew how entangled she was in this existence. He brought something new to her life — it was explosive, it was exhilarating.

Yet, there was also something so twisted about it in some way.

It wasn’t the explosive passion she thought she’d be greeted with. In fact, Anakin seemed to be in a rather clingy mood — which was rare form for him. She was on top of him, her back to his chest, as he held her close. He was lavishing attention onto her neck, most assuredly leaving marks that would be seen for days to come.

She sighed in his arms, enjoying the attention.

“Your thoughts are very loud tonight,” he murmured, pressing a small kiss to the side of her neck. “You’re practically projecting.”

“It’s less fun if you can already see what’s going through my head,” she pouted. “And besides, you said you’d never read my mind.”

“I don’t go picking through your thoughts. I can tune you out,” he answered whilst idly drawing patterns on her skin with his pointer finger, “It’s just when you’re turned on, you tend to project them to me.” he explained.

That made enough sense (sort of — she still didn’t fully understand how his powers worked) to be a semi-satisfactory explanation. “Well, how do I *not* do that?”

He hummed thoughtfully. “I’m not sure if you can help it. Like I said, I can tune you out, though.”

“Maybe you should. Then what I do next will be a surprise,” she challenged.

“I’m interested,”

She shifted her weight, making her feel this particular *interest* pressed against her backside.

“Close your eyes,” she turned around and requested, sitting up atop of him.

He rolled his eyes amusedly before slipping them shut as requested.

And there Padmé was presented with him essentially on a silver platter for her. Shirtless, muscle corded around his abdomen and scars from his various conquests painted onto him.

She took advantage of this and ran her fingers down his body slowly, keeping him in suspense. He leaned back into her touch. His body felt warm and taut, his muscles flexing underneath her fingertips. She traced along every single scar she could find, loving the way his breath hitched every time she touched him. He made no moves to stop her, though. He allowed her to explore without restraint. When she reached the waistband of his pants, she paused. Anakin was in rare form at the moment — it would be something of a shame to waste this opportunity.

She tugged down the hem of his pants, exposing his underwear and his arousal for her perusal, but that was as far as she went with it.

She went back to trailing her fingers down his body, though this time she was feeling the linenfiber of his pants rather than skin.

“Having fun there?” Anakin asked, a tinge of annoyance seeping into his voice.

She giggled lightly before speaking in a seductive tone, “I always have fun with you.”

He groaned in response, “Padmé...”

“So impatient,” she chided.

Seemingly done with her teasing, he growled lowly in his throat, pushing himself up and onto his knees. He placed both hands on either side of her face and gently guided her head towards him. He then connected their mouths again, his tongue moving expertly across hers.

The kiss was passionate and demanding all the same. It was exactly what she had been craving ever since she came to his room. He guided her backwards until her back was hitting the bed. Anakin slid his body flush against hers and ground his hips against hers firmly, making the both of them moan into the kiss. She gripped onto his shoulder blades tightly.

He broke off the kiss first, resting his forehead against hers. She breathed heavily, trying to calm herself down after such a rough interruption. Her hands slid off of his shoulders. Their chests were heaving together.

“Quite cocky of you,” she finally said, still slightly out of breath. There was a suggestion of challenge in her voice.

“I was getting tired of waiting,” he shrugged, and then his lips were on hers in the next instant. His actions, however, clashed with his words. His hands remained on either side of her head, resting on the bed beneath them.

Her hands roved down his sides yet again, but this time, she gripped the waistband of his pants with intent. She tugged his pants and underwear down, hands immediately seeking this

newly exposed skin.

Anakin, for his part, did not seem particularly interested in what she was doing.

That changed when she reached her hand down his underwear and gently grasped his shaft. His breathing grew ragged, a sound that only served to make her more determined to continue. His eyes fluttered open.

“Padmé,” he whispered. She continued to stroke him, humming quietly in response.

He groaned loudly and she grinned wickedly.

His gaze was filled with desire as they stared into each other’s eyes, his pupils dilated dangerously. He pushed his hips forward, seeking more contact. She moved her hand to his balls, kneading them gently, eliciting another groan from him.

“You’re going make me...” Anakin grabbed her wrist and pulled it away.

“You don’t want—?”

“Oh, I do,” he interrupted, bumping his nose against hers. “But when I do, I want it to be inside you.”

She shivered and silently thanked the Gods for birth control.

“Will you let me do that?” he asked, pulling down her underwear. When it was past her calves she succeeded in kicking the pair off, tossed carelessly somewhere on the bed.

“Huh? Will you let me?” He pulled down his own underwear the rest of the way. There was nothing in between them now.

She was hyper-aware of how close he was to penetration. “Mm-hm,”

“Words, Angel, use your words.” he guided himself to her entrance, but didn’t go any further.

She found there was still some trace of challenge left in her. “Thought you said you were tired of waiting,” she prodded.

He nipped at her neck, the brief sting of it setting her nerve endings ablaze. “You have an awful lot to say for someone who’s pinned under me,” he soothed this bite with a quick kiss before moving his head upwards, close enough to kiss her on the mouth.

“Still so cocky,” Padmé murmured, lips centimeters from his.

“I think you’ll find the correct term is *attentive*.” he said, and then finally thrust his hips forward, making her whimper.

The friction of his hard length sliding into her was exquisite. She wrapped her legs around his waist. He pushed forward even more and began thrusting deeper and faster, almost making Padmé dizzy with pleasure. She dug her fingers into his forearms, her nails making half-moon indents in his skin. She wanted it all — she craved for him. Every movement sent electricity shooting throughout her body. Her heart was racing, her blood was pumping, her body was screaming for it.

She moved one hand away from his arm and trailed it downward until she reached her clit. She rubbed it softly, relishing in the way his hips jerked. She didn't try to keep pace with him, instead focusing on the way the tips of her fingers circled around. The sensation caused her to clench around him, prompting him to groan.

"Padmé..." he rasped, grinding harder into her. She bit her bottom lip to stifle the whine that threatened to escape.

"Fuck..." He groaned again, and then abruptly withdrew himself from her heat.

Her lust-addled brain was processing this slower than it should have. "...What—"

But she got her answer when he was moving her as if she weighed nothing. He flipped her onto her stomach, and with one quick thrust he was back inside of her.

"Oh," she squeaked. From this angle he felt so impossibly deeper, hitting her g-spot with every stroke.

He leaned over her, placing his chest against her back, moving her hair out of the way to bite at her neck. She arched into his touch.

She whimpered his name when she felt warm drops of his pre being left inside her.

If she could see him, she imagined he'd be smirking. "Do that again. Say my name,"

"Anakin," she moaned breathily.

He pressed himself closer into her, causing her to squirm slightly.

"You sound so— *fuck*, sound so pretty when you say my name,"

"Should've told me it sooner," she couldn't help but snark back, earning herself a nip on the shoulder.

"Shut up," he grumbled without much ire to his voice. His movements became less fluid and overall faster, causing her to arch her back again, her hips rising up to meet his every thrust. He groaned deeply into her ear.

She gasped when she felt her release begin to build.

"You feel so good..." He spoke slowly, hips beginning to stutter.

A sharp cry escaped her throat when the wave of pleasure washed over her. Stars began to burst behind her eyelids.

She took a swan-dive over the edge, her world spinning.

He followed shortly after, letting out a broken moan as he collapsed on top of her. They stayed like that for several moments, panting heavily, hearts beating wildly.

Before she knew it, he was gently leading her into a spooning position. She limply let him, too spent to move. He wrapped an arm around her waist and leisurely peppered kisses along her neck.

Behind her, Anakin shifted. She half-expected him to be already leaving, as he often did. She found herself subconsciously tightening her grip on his arm.

“Relax. I’m not going anywhere, I just was stretching.” he said, sounding quite amused.

“I... I missed you.” she admitted.

He chuckled darkly against her neck. “Didn’t realize you were so attached to me.”

“Oh shush, you know I am.”

He chuckled again, turning his attention to the sensitive spot just below her ear. Padmé hummed happily, relaxing into his hold.

She allowed her thoughts to drift, imagining a life where she fell asleep in Anakin’s arms every night.

It was just a fantasy, she knew. They could never have a real relationship. Anything more tangible than this illicit affair would be too risky.

Despite that, as she drifted off, she couldn’t help but cling to the idea...